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MOVING PICTURE STORIES

No. 820 April 16, 1929

SIN SISTER .:. MOLLY and ME .:. A WOMAN OF AFFAIRS

FUN FROM THE FLICKERS .:. SIN TOWN .:. THE LITTLE BIG MAN

Clara Bow

MOVING PICTURE STORIES

ETHEL ROSEMON
Editor

ISSUED EVERY OTHER TUESDAY

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Helping Hearts Club

(Conducted by ROSEMARY LEE)

Pals O' Mine:

Here we are in our new home! Everybody's moving this time of the year, so we had to be in style. I hope we'll be able to get larger club rooms here but it will all depend upon how many tenants try to crowd into this building. But, anyway, we're all together, and that's a great deal, isn't it?

I do wish all your letters could get in every issue but that's just impossible. And so many write asking for the addresses of some particular pals. That's against the rules of the club but all letters will be forwarded. And, my boys and girls, please, *please* put stamps on your mail. I appreciate the thought that prompts many of you to leave your letters open and attach a note to me, giving me permission to read them. When I find time to do this, I am so happy to know that your letters are so helpful and filled with such interesting news. They bring us all very close together, don't they?

Remember, pals, for the present HEARTS is taking a little vacation and our club home will be in MOVING PICTURE STORIES. All who have written to me may look for their correspondence in this publication. And now let us give a rising vote of thanks to the publisher of this magazine for offering us shelter.

I have in mind many plans for our future. One is a club pin. Have any of our artists time to design one? Let me know what you think of the idea, pals. It's your club and I want you to be the chief workers in it. Address all suggestions to the PERSONAL ATTENTION of

ROSEMARY LEE.

* * *

Dear Rosemary Lee:

Thomas Meighan was right when he said, "New York is the lonesomest place in the world." I know this from experience, having lived both in the country and in the city, and lonesomeness in a crowd is nothing less than

(*Continued on page* 24)

For fifteen years the Wilsons had played every town that boasted a railroad station and, while they listened to the applause that echoed through the local opera house, Jim heard in fancy the plaudits that would greet

Molly and Me

when the team finally made Broadway. But in the Land of Make-Believe there are often disappointments, even when dreams come true.

By ETHEL ROSEMON

Jim and Molly continued to play the "tanks" and continued to dream of Broadway.

MOLLY Wilson was queen of burlesque. For fifteen years no one had disputed her right to the title; in fact, no one had envied it, for the blonde beauty was as big a favorite behind the curtain as she was in front of it. And her husband, Jim, was the most beloved comedian on the wheel. Still, early jumps on rattling milk trains, cold railroad stations and just a trifle less cold hotel rooms, cellar dressing-rooms that seem to have collected all the dampness and mustiness of the ages are not the goal of any team's dream. Broadway! That was it! Of course, they'd land some day, for hadn't Molly often been compared with Lillian Russell and weren't Joe's gags always sure-fire even when a rainy-night audience had come to the theatre determined to sit on their hands? And land they did! But so much for dreams! Joe alighted from the train at the Grand Central Station with a contract to open in the "Frolics" as featured comedian at a "grand" a week and Molly, who had made even the theatre-goers in Peoria sit up and take notice, was just "excess baggage".

Molly hid her hurt with a brave smile.

But that's the luck of show business, part of the heart-break of the greatest game on earth.

Molly knew it. She had watched many a team break up because some Broadway manager couldn't see the "partner". So she hid her hurt with a brave smile and permitted the mistiness to dim the merry light in her eyes only when Jim was away at rehearsals. To be sure, she was a seasoned trouper, but Peggy McCoy, who was being co-featured with her husband, was a cute little trick

The queen of burlesque was as great a favorite behind the curtain as she was in front of it.

For the first time in fifteen years, Jim Wilson was unaware of Molly's presence as Peggy's brown eyes gazed into his.

and Broadway had put its stamp of approval on those twinkling feet, had smiled during other seasons' "Frolics" at the sparkle of youth in those laughing eyes.

OPENING night! Incandescent lights twinkling merrily, mockingly! "Jim Wilson and Peggy McCoy" not "Jim and Molly Wilson" as she had so often seen it in her dreams. But Jim had landed. His funny face, the touch of wistfulness behind his comedy would take New York by storm. They could live in comfort now, even in luxury. There would be no more "sticks" for them, no more—yet this was the first time in fifteen years that one had stood in the entrance waiting for the cue without the other's feet, the other's heart beating in rhythm.

"Stand right where I can see you, Momsey," Jim was saying. "I'll be a flop without you, Honey. I'm so nervous my tonsils are doing a shimmy."

She gave him an encouraging kiss just as Peggy McCoy skipped by, put her little hand in his and pulled him into the entrance for their first number.

Of course, they were a hit, Peggy and Jim, Jim and Peggy. The audience loved them. They would not let them go. Curtain after curtain, bow after bow, while a lovely blonde woman, queen no longer, stood forgotten in the wings, jostled here and there by excited chorus girls, shoved this way and that by hurrying electricians! But she would hold her ground. She would stay

This is an adaptation of the Tiffany-Stahl screen presentation of the story by Lois Leeson. Miss Leeson wrote the scenario, Frederick and Fanny Hatton, the titles and dialogue, and Albert Ray directed, with Belle Bennett appearing as Molly Wilson, Joe E. Brown as Jim Wilson, Alberta Vaughn as Peggy McCoy and Charles Byer as Dan Kingsley.

there until her boy, flushed with success, would run off stage to be clasped in her arms, unmindful of the rest of the company.

And, finally, the applause died away. The next chorus tripped on to do its number and Molly Wilson's hand went out to clasp Broadway's newest star. But the next moment smarting tears blinded her eyes, for Jim had brushed by her without even remembering she was there. The manager rushed forward to congratulate him; the other members of the company crowded around him; Peggy McCoy, her hand still clasped in his, sparkled up at him possessively—and Molly stood on the outer edge of the circle, forgotten. In spite of herself, the gold head drooped and the nails cut into the flesh of the clenched hands.

AND, when Broadway acclaims a favorite, it selfishly, unthinkingly takes possession of his entire life. It was little Peggy's voice that almost every noon announced to Jim over the wire that the manager of this or that night club had invited them to be his guests after the evening's performance. It is part of an actor's stock-in-trade to keep before the public, to be seen at the various playgrounds along the Great White Way. That's the way his name finds its way into the copy of the columnist. He is generally called upon to do a stunt and, though ti isn't a cash transaction, he is amply repaid in the publicity he gets, in the new followers he makes. And, while, in the beginning, the names of Jim and Peggy were coupled only professionally, they soon were mentioned in the hushed breath of romance.

"I wonder if they're married," Molly would invariably hear from a nearby table—for she was always one of the party. "They're together all the time. I saw them last night at Texas Guinan's and Saturday they were at the Richman."

Jim—who for fifteen years had been all hers, who had never had a thought that did not center about her! And Jim? It was the Christmas of his life. Fascinating new toys were hanging on the tree. The old ones would always be there for him when the holiday season had passed but now—

"I SAW Bill Harrison, our old manager," Molly announced one evening. "He wants me to join the show." Her husband was silent. "Once the theatre gets in your blood, Jim, it's hard to keep away from the footlights."

"Gee, Hon, you wouldn't think—— But, of course, if you'd be happier workin', I ain't goin' to stop you."

"The company's leavin' tomorrow, Jim," she suggested timidly.

"Gee, it won't give you much time to get ready, Hon!" He took it so as a matter of course that she was going! "And, when you get tired of troupin', you can always come back."

THAT last night—what heart-breaking hours they were as Molly lay, wide-eyed, at his side, listening to the regular breathing that bespoke the untroubled sleep of the carefree! How she longed for the morning to come and yet how she dreaded its coming!

At the train Jim was all solicitation for her comfort. The hustle and bustle at the station, the

(*Continued on page 27*)

"Oh, apple sauce! What beautiful blonde would ever look at a mug like mine?"

Gotham Gleanings

By
LOUIS
WESLYN

The story, in a nutshell, tells about a sister team,
Who play in small-time vaudeville while the big-time is their dream.

"BROADWAY MELODY"

(A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Production reviewed at the Astor Theatre.)

Here at last we find a film where "sound" is at its best,
A picture that is splendid and by movie-tone is blessed,
A picture that will tend to prove that "sound" can be all right,
When utilized the proper way in stories that are light.

This breezy comedy is filled with sparkling song and dance,
And just a touch of pathos and a bit of sweet romance;
And there is a scene that truly is as gorgeous as can be,
As beautiful a spectacle as you would wish to see.

The story, in a nutshell, tells about a "sister team"
Who play in small-time vaudeville while the big-time is their dream;
At last they get their longed-for chance and land upon Broadway,
Appearing in the "Follies" now instead of the "three-a-day."

The younger girl's a beauty, while the other has the wit;
As beauty's what the "Follies" wants the young 'un scores the hit;
The older girl discovers that the youth she meant to wed
Has lost his heart completely to the pretty girl, instead.

So *Hank*, the older sister says, "I'm not the kind that clicks."
She gives up job and sweetheart—beats it backward to "the sticks;"
And *Queenie*, that's the young 'un, is the one to benefit—
Which shows if you're a beauty you get all the best of it!

As *Hank*, with heart unselfish, Bessie Love is really fine;
Of movie stars now playing, it is Bessie Love for mine;
A better little actress I am sure is rarely seen,
And in this striking picture she's a credit to the screen.

Another good performance is the one by Charlie King;
You'll like him as the songster, and he certainly can sing,
Anita Page is lovely as the *Queenie* of the play,
Who wins the heart of ev'ry male that comes along her way.

As Hank, with heart unselfish, Bessie Love is really fine;
Of movie stars now playing, it is Bessie Love for mine.

The cast is good upon the whole—no weakness anywhere;
Of bright and catchy music this production has its share.
And, as to the direction, it is excellent throughout;
In fact, this novel cinema's a thing to rave about!

Pearl's eyes were deep blue in her sunny face and her red lips were always laughing.

Civilization is a thin veneer, covering fierce, primitive realities. So, when a group of human beings find themselves suddenly up against primitive conditions, an amazing transformation may take place—and did in this story of

The Sin Sister

By CHRISTINE HAMILTON

THE sturdy trading steamer bucked and plunged her way through caking ice into open water, and then through ice again. The mate, his lashes white with driving snow, turned a worried, weather-beaten face aloft and shouted to the Captain:

"She can't make it, sir. Looks like we'll have to stick here in the off-shore ice till spring."

"Looks that way. We'll take her in as near shore as possible and prepare for a seige. I sure hate the idea of being stuck here with that Horn

This is an adaptation of the William Fox screen presentation of the original story by Frederick H. Brennan. Becky Gardiner wrote the scenario and Charles Klein directed, with Nancy Carroll appearing as Pearl, Lawrence Gray as Roland, Josephine Dunn as Ethylyn Horn, Myrtle Stedman as Sister Burton, Anders Randolf as J. T. Horn, Richard Alexander as Trapper Bob, David Callis as Al, Frederick H. Graham as the Captain and George Davis as the mate.

party aboard—passengers never brought luck to any trade boat yet, millionaire or no millionaire".

DOWN in the cabin, Ethylyn Horn sat at the table, her pretty brows ruffled petulantly.

"Father, what's the matter with this boat? It's so slow—and dirty—and uncomfortable! When are we going to reach Seattle? I never was so bored in my life!"

"I brought Roland along to amuse you," J. T. Horn said irritably with a glance toward the young man who lay extended on one of the dingy divans, half-asleep. Ethylyn pouted.

"Your secretary! He's as bored as I am—bored with amusing me and yessing you. The whole thing makes me sick—and it's all just because you boasted at your club that you could shoot a polar bear."

"That reminds me," her father said pompously, "I must go and see if that skin is properly cured by now. I'm going to have a gold tag made to be mounted on the head, saying who shot the bear."

"Are you sure you know how to spell that Eskimo's name?" his daughter asked maliciously.

"Humph!" he remarked, striding out of the room.

The girl looked around to find another victim on whom to vent her annoyance.

"Roland!" she said. "Do wake up and come over here. Talk to me."

"What about?" he said obediently.

"Us! Here we are, the only human beings within miles and miles—"

"There are all of fifty or seventy-five men in the crew, not to speak of the other passengers—" he began. She stopped him fretfully.

"I mean *people*—like us! You can't count those nasty rough men who run the ship, and, as for the "other passengers"—a gushy lady evangelist who got stranded in her preaching and *had* to take this boat and a pair of horrid, cheap vaudeville actors—Really!"

"The vaudeville girl's rather pretty," Roland said annoyingly.

"If you like that flashy type. I don't," she answered. "But, anyhow, none of them counts. Here we are, practically alone. Why don't you fall in love with me? It would be quite a romantic way of whiling away the time."

"You just want another toy to play with," he said, "and I don't think I care to be it. I've—as I heard you remark—amused you and yessed your father for a rather long time. As his secretary, I can stand it—I have to eat. As his son-in-law, I might find it more difficult. There's something about the air of this Northland—virile—strengthening. I don't feel as I did back there in civilization."

"I don't know what you're talking about, but I'm sure you're rude. I shall speak to Daddy about it."

"If you feel that way, I'll remove my painful company," he remarked and suited the action to the word.

Ethylyn, left alone, bit her long amber cigarette holder and frowned. It was maddening that Roland hadn't been even interested in her tentative suggestion of a flirtation. After all, he was the only young, good-looking man for miles, even if he was only a secretary. Darn Daddy for coming on this fool trip, anyhow! She lit a cigarette and began to puff angrily.

ROLAND, his lungs and spirit alike cleared by the outside air, became aware of music issuing from the forward mess cabin adjoining the quarters of the crew. It was gayly lilting jazz, played with a verve and swing that set the toes tingling and it was followed by a burst of applause and approving shouts:

"Atta girl!"

"Oh, Baby! See her step!"

"Give us another, Cutie!"

"Must be those vaudevillians," thought Roland, entering the place.

It was thick with cigarette smoke and stuffy with the scent of many crowded sailors but the gallant music of the piano and the rippling laughter of a girl pierced the fog like sunshine. Roland forced his way nearer to the center and stood close to the little dancer. She smiled over her shoulder at him but went on dancing, her light feet, rounded, slender body and graceful arms moving rhythmically to the music played by the haggard lad at the piano.

Dimes, nickles and quarters showered, clinking, at the slender feet and were picked up by the pianist with one hand while he played on with the other. The men stamped enthusiastically, keeping time.

Suddenly a woman's loud cry broke through the lively music. A tall blonde, dressed simply in white blouse and skirt with a long, dark-blue cloak, pressed through the crowd.

"Stop!" she called. "Stop—for the good of your souls! This is sinful, frivolous music. This

Life in the Horn family had been a weary task of amusing Ethylyn and "yessing" her father. Now Ronald felt alive and strong.

girl is a wicked sinner who turns your thoughts to lower things! Stop! Stop!"

The dancing girl stopped and faced the newcomer, her pretty face defiant.

"I will not! Me and my partner have to eat, don't we? We were in a little tank town up the coast and Al broke his ankle—couldn't dance—so the rest of the troupe went on without us. Now we have to get home, don't we? This is the way we get the cash—that's all. There's nothing sinful about that. Go ahead, Al—don't listen."

The music began again. The blonde evangelist climbed up on a chair, the better to dominate the situation. She began to pray in a loud voice:

"Oh, Lord, look down upon these sinful children and turn their thoughts to higher things."

The ship gave a violent lurch and the prayer broke off in a scream. There was a horrible grinding noise and the timbers creaked and groaned; then the engines stopped. The room was in confusion; men piled up the companionway to the deck; the evangelist disentangled herself from a heap of chairs and followed them. Roland found himself under a table with the little dancer on top of him, while poor Al was striving to release himself from the fallen piano.

The girl laughed, a gay, excited ripple of sound, and Roland found his heart warming toward her. Together they extricated Al and righted the piano.

Al looked through a porthole and turned back to the other two.

"Looks pretty bad!" he said. "I heard the mate say that if we got stuck in this ice here we'd have to stay till spring. Gee! Pearl and me have *got* to get to Seattle before the season starts or we'll have no bookings at all! But we sure seem to be stuck, all right. Say, kid, you shouldn't have stuck by me like you did!" He spoke to Roland. "She wouldn't go on with the gang after I broke my ankle, and now look what it's got her into! Gee! I sure feel bad that it was because of me!"

"Aw, shut up, Al!" Pearl laughed. "Us hoofers has to stick together. Let's go up on deck and see what's happening."

(Continued on page 30)

Ronald pressed through the crowd of men until he was at Pearl's side. She smiled over her shoulder at him and went on dancing.

In every woman's heart, even that of

A Woman of Affairs

there is one image to which the spirit remains true through life. In the heart of Diana Furness, such an image was enshrined to the end.

By VAL LEWTON

("He died 'for decency'." That was the way Diana Merrick explained the suicide of her young husband, David Furness, on their wedding night. And only Dr. Hugh Trevelyan, who had loved her devotedly for many years, knew that she was blackening her own character to keep untarnished for her young brother, Geoffrey, the hero he had made of David, ever since the latter had rowed his college to victory. The boy, heir to all the weaknesses, all the hot-headedness that were traditional in the Merrick family, should never know that his idol had not been faultless, that he had forged the name of one of their best friends, Dr. Trevelyan, and that he had jumped from the window of their hotel suite, not because of anything his bride had confessed, but because the police were at hand to take him to jail.

An unnecessary sacrifice of her good name, was Hugh's opinion of her action. And, frankly, he could not understand it, especially since he realized that her marriage to David had been brought about through pity for the boy's devotion to her, rather than through love. He knew, as did most of their circle, that the entire passion of her woman's heart was centered upon Neville Holderness and that it was the dictum of Sir Montague Holderness, Neville's father, "The Holderness and the Merrick bloods can never mix," that had separated the two.

And now Diana Furness was a branded woman, socially, exiled to the Continent. Back to England came colorful accounts of her doings, of the men who trailed her from one resort to another and yet none knew the truth.

Seven years passed and the illness of her brother, Geoffrey, brought Diana back to England. The night she arrived, Dr. Trevelyan was dining at the Holderness home where Neville was entertaining his fiancée, Constance. The announcement that Mrs. Furness was waiting below to consult the doctor had the effect of a bombshell on the party. Neville turned white and, as he heard the whirr of Diana's machine at the door, he could not forbear to look from the window. He caught only a glimpse of his boyhood sweetheart—but that glimpse was enough. The party over, Constance escorted home, he sped to the apartment occupied by Geoffrey Merrick. Outside the door, he found Diana in her car, waiting for Dr. Trevelyan who was ministering to the brother, tossing wildly in the throes of delirium tremens. Neither Diana nor Neville seemed conscious of what was happening as the man climbed into the seat beside her and she turned the car in the direction of his apartment.

Alone together after all the years, their longing for each other asserted itself, and they were soon clasped in each other's arms. And, as Diana's lips met Neville's in that first fiery kiss, a unique ring she wore fell to the floor. The admirer who had bestowed the costly gift had commented upon its likeness to her—beautiful but loose. Like her, he had added, it might easily fall. She knew, however, that, with a little effort, by crooking her finger, she could keep it from falling, just like herself—with a little effort.)

* * *

"WHERE is Diana?"

Neville, his hair disheveled, was confronting Hugh Trevelyan in the doorway to which an imperious ring at the bell had summoned him.

"Er— she is not here," Neville answered him.

"Don't bother to be gentlemanly with me, Neville. This is important. I must see Diana."

Diana herself stood in the doorway beside Neville, a misty gladness in her deep eyes.

"What is it, Hugh?" she asked.

Hugh frowned and bit his lip—easy words for the message he had to convey were hard to find. Finally they burst from his lips:

"Geoffrey is dead."

A look of horror as well as grief came into Diana's face.

"When?" she questioned wildly. "When? When? Hugh, when did he die?"

In her excitement she had taken hold of Hugh's sleeve. Hugh shook off her hold to look at his watch.

"Exactly an hour ago," he answered.

Neville and Diana looked at each other. The same thought was in their minds. An hour ago they had first embraced. Now Geoffrey was dead. Diana bent and picked up her ring. Fate had warned her what tragedies were in store if she was to continue her love affair with Neville. Constance's picture on the piano seemed to have focused its eyes upon her in reproach. She slid the ring back into its place, crooking her finger as she did so. Very firmly she said to Neville:

"I will never lose this ring again unless our

paths should chance to cross, and then it will be forever."

She walked quickly out of the room and shut the door behind her. Neville stretched out his hands in a beseeching gesture as the door closed, but it was too late. Turning back into the room, he found himself face to face with the picture of Constance.

"Lovely, funny little Constance!" he murmured sadly.

THREE days later they were married. Six months later Constance, turning over the pages of a calendar in their apartment, suddenly frowned. Neville, looking up from his paper, was puzzled by the troubled lines on his wife's usually calm brows.

"Darling," he asked, "what tragedy is confronting you now?"

"I've just realized, Nevs darling," she answered with a smile, "that I'll soon no longer be a bride. We've been married almost a year. I've been wondering if you love me as much as when you married me."

Neville laughed and, as Connie walked by his chair, pulled her down on the arm beside him and began to muss her hair in a playful mood. They were joking and laughing like two children when a servant entered with a telegram.

Neville took the proferred message and began to slit the envelope with his thumb nail. He pushed Connie away from him as if not wishing her to see the contents of the telegram, and she, in the same playful mood, redoubled her efforts to peer over his arm at the message.

Finally he succeeded in opening the envelope. Connie was frightened by the way his face went white as he read, then passed the message to her:

"Paris.

"Neville Holderness,
"Duke Street, Mayfair,
"London.

"Diana seriously ill at Saint Mary's Nursing Home. In her delirium she constantly calls your name. As her physician, I feel it imperative for her to see you with a chance of saving her life.

"Hugh Trevelyan."

Constance gasped, then turned to look at Neville. He was staring out of the window with unseeing eyes.

Bravely, though her heart was breaking, Diana spoke the words she knew would send Neville from her forever.

"What are you going to do, Nevs?" she asked. Neville stood still, irresolute. "Mrs. Furness is your old friend," Connie continued. "You owe that much to her. I'll have Parsons pack your bags if you wish, Nevs."

Neville made no answer. He was thinking deeply. Finally he said:

"Will you go with me, Constance?"

"If you want me to."

Neville nodded mutely. It was the only decent thing to do under these indescent circumstances. They caught the Calais-Dover ferry that very night.

ON the following day, in Paris, in a sunny room in Saint Mary's Nursing Home, one of the Sisters, looking down anxiously at Diana's pale, still face, turned to Dr. Trevelyan and asked:

"Are you worried about her condition, Doctor?"

Hugh, gravely worried, answered her with professional asperity:

"The shock and suffering alone have been enough to kill her, and septic poisoning, especially in such a case as this, is generally conceded to be dangerous."

Diana turned feebly on her side and stretched out a weak hand to a bouquet of roses that stood beside her bed. Neville Holderness's card was thrust between the stalks of two of them. Hugh

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This is an adaptation of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's screen presentation of the story by Michael Arlen. Bess Meredyth wrote the scenario and Clarence Brown directed, with Greta Garbo appearing as Diana, John Gilbert as Neville, Lewis Stone as Hugh, John Mack Brown as David, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. as Geoffrey, Hobart Bosworth as Sir Montague and Dorothy Sebastian as Constance.

gulped and shook his head. What a rotten deal life had given Diana!

At that moment a knock sounded on the door, and the nurse opened it to admit Neville. He walked nervously across the room and took his position beside Hugh. For awhile he stood looking down at Diana, thinking she might even be dead, she lay so pale and still. Then, as he noted her faint breathing, he turned to Hugh, his eyes questioning for news.

"I wired you as a last resort," his friend explained curtly. "Diana doesn't seem to want to live. My only hope is to persuade her that somebody for whom she cares wants her to live." Neville looked dazed. He could not quite understand. "Don't you know what the trouble is?" the doctor continued.

"No. Tell me—by all means tell me."

Hugh smiled cryptically and said in an ironic tone:

"Ptomaine poisoning." Neville failed to note the sarcasm in Hugh's voice; his attention was again riveted upon Diana's face. To hide the quizzical look in his eyes, Hugh turned to the nurse and ordered her to take Neville's flowers from the room. "They take the oxygen from the air," he explained, "and she needs every breath that she can get."

Neville spoke hurriedly.

"Hugh, I wish you'd go out and talk to Constance. She is in the waiting room. I brought her because I thought it the only decent thing to do."

"Are you sure it wasn't for self-protection, Neville? Aren't you a bit afraid of your old weakness?" Hugh asked as he left the room.

In the hall, he found Constance waiting for him.

"Hugh, why did you send for Nevs? Why did he bring me here?" she asked. "Does he love Mrs. Furness?"

"He loves you, Constance," Hugh answered reprovingly.

She looked toward the door which barred her from Neville.

"I hate women like Diana Furness!" she burst out. "What chance have we against her? She knows how to make men love her."

Hugh was taken aback. He had not thought that there was any depth of feeling hidden behind the pleasant mask of Constance's face. At that moment, Neville came from Diana's room.

"Hugh, she hasn't stirred," he said. "I can't make her recognize me."

"Come back in a few hours then," the doctor directed.

Connie, as if anxious to take her husband away from Diana's presence, began to lead Neville gently toward the door. Before they reached it, they were startled by the sound of an hysterical voice. Diana was standing in the corridor, her body, worn by illness, almost transparent under her thin nightgown, her feet bare. She was saying:

"Where are my roses? I don't want much from life—only my roses, only the roses that Neville sent me!"

Then she saw Neville. In a moment she was in his arms, sobbing gladly:

"Neville, it's a gift from God—I don't know how you heard I was ill—but I'll get well now—if you won't leave me."

"Of course, I won't leave you," Neville said, looking down at her, almost as feverish as she.

She laughed happily, snuggling her head against his breast.

Constance was stunned. Hugh stood beside her, watching her face, tremulous with emotion, as he heard her tortured indrawn breath. He knew he must do something to save the situation.

"Diana!" he said sharply.

She turned and for the first time saw Constance. Her eyes grew wide as she questioned:

"Hugh, who is that girl? Why is she staring at me like that?" She pushed back the hair from her forehead as though trying to gather her fevered senses. Enlightenment dawned in her eyes, and she spoke clearly, tenderly, "I know who you are—you are Neville's pretty wife, Constance—with the clean eyes." Constance walked toward her slowly. Diana went on. "I was talking nonsense a moment ago, Constance. It is just the fever—I'm not a bit in love with Neville, really. And don't you worry about Neville's being in love with me. He isn't—one least bit." Constance smiled gently and took her hand. Diana leaned toward her and whispered, "Take him away. Don't ever let him come to see me again—not ever again." Then she turned to the husband, standing there so white and drawn. "Neville, you must be worthy of Constance's children. And, Constance, you will have children." Her voice grew hysterical as she finished, "Not like me, not like me!"

(Continued on page 23)

Diminutive in stature, great in intelligence, in understanding, in human sympathy—and tolerance, this is

The Little Big Man

known and beloved far and wide as "Little Billy".

By CHRISTINE HAMILTON

Little Billy is an artist and an actor. He has his rightful pride in his work and, while he has not the slightest objection to utilizing his diminutive stature in a dramatic way, he has a natural repulsion against being used as a foil, a mere clown, funnier because he is little. ("The Sideshow," Columbia Pictures.)

I MET him for the first time one day about three years ago when I dropped in at the Tec-Art Studios on Forty-Fifth Street in New York. Some one had told me that Madge Kennedy was making some scenes for a picture over there and I wanted to get an interview with her. I got it and found out at the same time that she is one of the most charming and unaffected young actresses I have ever met—but this is another story.

Making one's way behind "sets", falling over stray ropes and walking under the innumerable ladders that clutter up every motion picture studio is no easy task. One hears voices behind blank walls and makes for them—only to find oneself in a maze of lath-and-plaster scenery that bars progress and necessitates return and a new trial. It was while I was trying to get to the "Oh, Baby" set that I overheard somebody say:

"There's another lady-writer around somewhere—darn 'em!" Somebody else said:

"Steer her off Billy. They make me sick—I don't see how he stands them, rushing up to him and gushing, 'How cute!' and 'Isn't he *darling?*' First think you know one of them will try to pick him up."

"And he's too decent to give her a bash in the jaw. Well—I s'pose this one will be as bad as all the rest. You *can't* steer 'em off. You can only get rid of 'em as soon as possible. Gee, Billy hates that stuff! I'm so darn sorry for him when they —"

"You don't have to be. He's a man, that little fella. He takes it as just part of the game and laughs it off."

"Yeah—but it makes him feel bad just the same. I saw the way he looked a coupla times."

THIS was frankly eavesdropping but it gave me a slant on a side of one of the best-loved little comedians on our stage. I had heard of "Little Billy", of course—Keith Vaudeville headliner, actor, impersonator and now breaking into the movies. He was clever, a top-notch dancer and he was one of those strange children of Nature—a midget.

What I had overheard told me something else about him. He was not looked upon as "queer" or "different" by the men who worked with him. The words I had heard were spoken in tones of warm loyalty—"He's a man, that little fella!" They liked him, admired him, resented the foolish approach of strangers who do not know him as he is.

And I learned, too, something of why they felt that way. He was a good sport. He "stood for" the ignorant impertinences of people who approached him without understanding and hid his sensitive hurt behind a front of brave laughter.

Later, when I met him, I realized that I had thought truly.

"LITTLE Billy", whose real name is William Rhodes, was born in Lynn, Massachusetts, somewhat less than thirty years ago. His family were all normal, healthy American stock; his father and mother were of average height but, somehow, by one of those incomprehensible strokes of fate, the boy, William, reached the age of seven or eight and then—just stopped growing. He developed mentally; he was straight and strong and well, but he remained small of stature.

When he was old enough, he went on the stage, dancing and singing his way into the hearts of his audiences—audiences who came to see a freak of nature and stayed to realize that they had met a Personality. He joined a stock company, playing children's rôles, and was an outstanding success in "Mamma's Affair", "Peter Pan", "Linger Longer Letty" and "Seven Miles to Arden". And then people began to talk to him about pictures.

He was doubtful about it, at first. For one thing, it was hard to find a story that would feature and give him a fair chance to really act, not just provide comedy relief. Little Billy is an artist and an actor; he has his rightful pride in his work and, while he has not the slightest objection to utilizing his diminutive stature in a dramatic way, he has a natural repulsion against being used as a foil, a mere clown, funnier because he is little. But the screen *had* a lure for him; he is intensely ambitious and this was a new field to conquer. He hesitated again when they told him that for part of the story he must impersonate a little girl. He is somewhat "fed up" with child parts. But then, again, he hated to disappoint those others who were vitally interested in the picture's production. Al Lichtman, the producer, was his friend. Harley Knoles, the quiet, humorous Englishman who directed, was a closer friend still. So he plunged into the new venture with all his heart—as he does everything. Once in it, he forgot everything else; he worked like the game trouper he is, worked and dreamed of the day when the picture would be finished and shown. He went farther still, in fact. Harley Knoles told me confidentially that one day he came down to breakfast in the Friar's Club where they were both staying and found Little Billy breakfasting on a glass of hot water.

"Why, what's the matter, old man?" asked the director. "Don't you feel well?"

The other bravely averted his glance from the waffles that swam luciously in golden syrup on the directorial plate and looked across the table with hungry eyes. Then he blurted out:

"Lichtman said I mustn't get too heavy or I won't be so good in the part—so I reduced to fifty-eight pounds and a half. I've kept that way for the last two weeks, but — but — last night I slipped. I ate a sandwich and now I weigh fifty-nine!"

PERSONALLY, I never could understand how some people, on meeting Billy Rhodes, can "talk down" to him. He is so courteous, so self-possessed and so thoroughly *real*. Yet some people do it, speaking to him as though he were some sort of strange child, even as though he were a queer animal in a zoo. I don't wonder that his friends become angry and resentful for him. Billy, himself, whatever he may feel, does not speak of it. He is perfectly polite, always—although into his eyes at such times there comes a look of hurt withdrawal. Then, as though he forgives the unwarrantable impertinence of their attitude, he smiles, shrugs a neat shoulder and lights one of the huge cigars that are his consolation.

One story did leak out of the Friar's Club, though, that shows the calibre of the man. It seems that Billy was sitting talking and yarning with one or two cronies one night when another member came into the room. The newcomer had dined—and wined—rather well and was ripe for what he called "fun". He strode over to the little man and swung him up to perch him high on a mantlepiece. Billy could not get down alone, and the other man knew it. He stood back and began to laugh, but Billy's voice, deadly calm, cut clearly across his laughter.

"If I were as big as you and you had done that to a man my size, I should thrash you. As it is, I despise you and I demand an apology."

And, suddenly sobered, the other man apologized, lifted the big little man down and left the room.

I SAW Billy and Harley Knoles together at the theatre the first night the picture "Oh, Baby" was shown. The director had a friendly hand on the little actor's shoulder.

"It's only another picture, old chap," he said. "Steady down." He turned to me. "Billy hasn't slept a wink for the last forty-eight hours and he's as strung up as a debutante at her first party."

And the sensitive, attractively plain small face

(*Continued on page 25*)

Victor McLaglen & Leatrice Joy.

"I found this monkey walkin' around in the shade of a fat lady." ("Strong Boy," Fox.)

Fun from the Flickers

By SONNY SMILES

A beauty parlor—where women had their faces lifted, pushed back and side-tracked. (Educational)

* * *

A flirt whose wife had her face lifted so often she kept her double chin under her hat.

(Educational.)

* * *

"Stay here until I get beautified. If you must flirt, remember, charity begins at home."

(Educational.)

* * *

A billing and cooing couple—when he paid the bills, she'd coo. (Educational.)

* * *

The reformers have overlooked something. We have a speed limit on everything but girls. ("Girls Gone Wild," William Fox.)

* * *

She: "I've just discovered whom you look like—that Greek god. What's his name?"

He: "Apollinaris."

(Fox.)

"Now, if you don't drive faster than twenty miles an hour, you'll——"

"Still be in time for court."

(Fox.)

* * *

"In accepting this scholarship, I am profoundly—profoundly—"

"Profoundly what? Balled up?"

(Fox.)

* * *

"If my teeth didn't click, I'd be a real good orator."

(Fox.)

* * *

"Th' Chief sent for me—I'm being hauled up on th' carpet. It ain't right—I've been around here eight years an' I ain't done nothing yet." (Victor McLaglen in "Strong Boy," Fox.)

In the shell-torn trenches they dreamed of peace in the rolling hills of Arizona, but, when they got there, what they found was

Sin Town

By JEAN PENNINGTON

PASSING through the shell-torn villages of France, in the muddy, bloody trenches and during the monotony of grooming mules, Bob Merrick—called "Silk" by his buddies because of his attractive manners—and his pal, Patrick O'Toole, called "Chicken" by the regiment because of his fondness for the meat of that bird, particularly when stolen—longed for peace. They would lie in a shell-hole with the roar of the big guns in their ears and talk of wide, quiet valleys and sun-drowned plains or sit in the lee of a mule and imagine themselves riding lazily after browsing cattle herds. They even forgot to scratch while they contemplated the beauties of a far-off time when there would be no cooties or mules or guns.

And, at last, peace did come and, as they rode happily over the rolling prairie in golden Arizona, they grinned joyfully at each other. Dreams do come true sometimes! True, it wasn't all pie—they had been fired from their first cattle-herding job because they didn't care to work as hard as the boss thought they should—but what of it? Chicken stretched long, lazy arms.

"Let's ride along till we hit a nice, peaceful little town where no one wants us to work much. Look down in the valley there! Isn't that the very spot?"

"It sure looks good to me!" Silk agreed. "Nice little white frame houses an' trees along the street—and there's a right cute little farm 'bout half a mile outside. Reckon we might get a bite of—"

"Chicken! I can see a chicken-run beside it! Let's go!" And the ex-doughboy hurried his long-necked horse down the hill.

TRULY the scene was a very picture of peace, but, had the wanderers arrived on the hilltop a moment earlier, they might have seen a fierce little puff of smoke issue from the door of the one saloon down there and heard the faint report of a revolver, for things were anything but peaceful in the little place that all the county called "Sin Town"—the group of frame houses and tree-bordered street, one jail and one saloon that were each and all under the domination of that suave, sleek, wicked master, Pete Laguerre.

It was old Rancher Burton who had caused the shot. He had risen from a game of poker and demanded to be heard. His voice had quivered with rage and injustice.

"You're cheats and robbers, all of you! I can prove it now and I'm going to. The Rancher's Association shall know all about your crooked games, your poisonous liquor and your vile goings-on in this place Laguerre calls 'Pete's Paradise'! 'Paradise'—huh! Yes, and I'm not afraid to say it to your face, Laguerre!" for he had seen the narrow black eyes and tall, lithe figure at his side.

"Now, now, keep quiet and be reasonable, Burton. Have a drink on me and forget the hard feelings. You'll have to be friends with me because I've coming to call on your daughter."

At that, the sturdy old ranger's rage had leaped higher still.

"My daughter!" he had cried. "You stay away from her, you scoundrel! She is *one* girl in this place that you'll never get. And the Ranchers are going to hear my story tonight!"

With that he had left the place and the eyes of Pete Laguerre had followed him until he had climbed into his buggy. And then the gun of Pete Laguerre had slid from its holster and a swift puff of smoke had followed the neat small hole drilled in the glass of the saloon door. And Rancher Burton had slumped down in the seat of his buggy—and his old horse had ambled away down the familiar road that led to the small white farmhouse that had been Rancher Burton's home.

Then Pete Laguerre had turned brazenly to the assembled company, his arrogant glance taking in the ring of white, startled faces.

"Just an example of my way with men who

Mary understood and her young heart was flooded with sorrow.

talk too much!" he had said, and they had heard the clink of his spurs across the silence as he had mounted the stairs to his room above the saloon.

CHICKEN O'Toole was having no luck at all in the coop of his namesakes. Every pullet had gotten away from him in spite of his energy, and Silk stood by, laughing his head off. Suddenly a small, firm hand was laid on O'Toole's arm and a plump chicken was thrust into his hands.

"Here!" Mary Burton said. "Stop chasing my hens—and, next time you want a chicken, come to the house and ask for one decently instead of scaring the lives out of the poor things."

Her voice was young and scornful, but there was a drift of laughter behind it and her face was sunny under tossed brown curls. Silk Merrick's lifted his sombrero in greeting and apology and O'Toole turned red as any beet.

"We only—" Merrick began, "we only wanted to *borrow* the chicken to lay some eggs for us."

"Yes—we'd have put it right back—honestly we would, Miss," O'Toole protested.

The girl's lips twitched as though inner smiles were playing over her red lips but, outwardly, she remained stern.

"You can explain all that to my father when he comes home if you're still in the neighborhood. And, meanwhile, I might inform you that we keep a very large bulldog which I shall immediately tie to the gate."

"But we really didn't mean to do any harm!"

"We only—"

"Here comes my father now," she said firmly.

They saw the ambling buggy turn slowly in at the gate. The girl called:

"Yoo-hoo—Daddy!"

The man in the buggy did not answer. Surely he must have heard that ringing, happy call, and, if he heard, why didn't he answer? The old horse stopped and began to graze on the short grass beside the gate. At the jerk of the buggy, the driver slumped over sideways in his seat. Mary gave a sudden cry:

"He's sick! Daddy—Daddy!"

Merrick and O'Toole were at her side as she reached the buggy and, after one look at the waxen face of the old man, they exchanged glances. They had seen many a face with that look—on the battle fields. Silk slowly lifted

This is an adaptation of Pathé's screen presentation of the story by J. Gordon Cooper and William K. Howard. Mr. Cooper directed, with Elinor Fair appearing as Mary Burton, Hugh Allen as "Silk" Merrick, Ivan Lebendenoff as Pete Laguerre and Jack Oakie as "Chicken" O'Toole.

his sombrero and O'Toole followed his example. Mary, looking up at them, understood and with a low, sobbing gasp fell on her knees beside the father who had come home to her for the last time.

RANCHER Burton had been buried but vengeance was a living thing in the heart of his daughter. As she turned away from the little cemetery, she found Merrick and O'Toole at her side. Silk pressed her hand.

"Chicken and I are going to stick around awhile —just till justice is done. You can count on us to the limit—we're yours to command."

"I know that," she said with a piteous little smile. "Thank you—both."

The Ranchers' Association, too, was banded together to find and punish the murderer of one of its members. Speculation was rife as to who the criminal might be and suspicion pointed to Pete Laguerre, but not one of the crowd who had seen the shooting could be compelled to speak. The sheriff, himself, was one of Laguerre's henchmen, and, as such, made small effort to find the criminal.

Days dragged by. Finally Mary decided upon a bold stroke. She mounted her white mustang and rode into town to seek Pete Laguerre and question him, face to face. The sheriff eyed her with a meaning smirk as she passed him on her way upstairs to Laguerre's rooms. Merrick and O'Toole saw that grin and held themselves ready for action, should it be needed. Silk hated to think of Mary, honest-eyed and clean, in the presence of Pete Laguerre's suave insolence. But he need not have feared. The saloon-keeper's insinuating words and attempted familiarities met with no timidity from Mary. She stuck to her point; she wanted to find out if Pete Laguerre knew anything of the killer of her father and would assist in his arrest and, when the oily master of Sin Town tried to put her off with fair promises and evasive answers, she thrust him aside and walked calmly out, pausing only to say:

"I asked you a straight question. You have avoided answering it. Very well! I think what I think—and some day I shall be able to prove my own suspicions. I want nothing whatever to do with you. Goodby!"

He would have stopped her at the stair-top but something in her straight fearless gaze cowed him. She walked down, unharmed.

MEANWHILE, Merrick and his buddy had been accosted by Laguerre's tool, the sheriff. He walked up to them and demanded roughly:

"Who are you and where did you come from? We don't like strangers in this town!"

"We don't like your old town much ourselves," O'Toole retorted, "but we got business that keeps us here at present!"

"And we'll stay as long as we care to!" Silk Merrick finished.

The exchange of words might have ripened to a quarrel, but something else distracted everyone's attention. The door burst open and a lean, weird figure entered, staring about him with wild eyes. His hair was long and unkempt and his face that of a fanatic. He raised his arms, shouting:

"Beware! The Day of Judgment is at hand! This town shall perish by fire—by fire! Like Sodom and Gommorrah, it shall perish in its wickedness!"

The sheriff shoved him out and sent him sprawling down the steps with a heavy kick.

"Who was that?" asked the astonished Merrick.

"Mad Tim, the evangelist," some one explained. "He was a preacher once but he went crazy. Now he goes around chalkin' up messages on walls and callin' everyone to repentance. He's afraid of Pete, though. I wonder he dared show his face here."

It was at that moment that Mary Burton descended from Laguerre's room above, followed by Laguerre, himself, with a brow as black as thunder. She smiled as she saw the faithful friends by the door and then went out and rode away on her white mustang. The two rovers were about to follow when Pete Laguerre interposed.

"You stay away from that girl," he snarled, "and get out of town! This isn't a healthy atmosphere for you!"

"So the sheriff kindly explained to us," Silk answered. "But it has failed to make much impression on us. We—"

"You're goin' to be put in the jail for— er— disturbin' the peace," the sheriff said after a meaning nod from his boss, and they found themselves covered by Laguerre's revolver. In five minutes they were exchanging dismayed glances through the bars of the little jail.

"Fine!" Pete said to his henchman. "Now we'll send a report to the Ranchers' Association that we've caught Burton's murderers and they're welcome to come to the jail for a little necktie

(*Continued on page 26*)

Our School of Scenario Writing

Conducted by ANNE MAXWELL

LESSON EIGHTY-THREE (Reviewed)

How Would You Like This Job?

I RECEIVED a letter this week beginning: "For the love of Mike, will you explain the difference between a Scenario Editor and a Film Editor?"

Now, not really from any exaggerated affection for Michael, but because I think that some others of my correspondents may be in a similarly hazy state about the difference between these two very important studio personages, I shall "proceed to elucidate", as a highbrow friend is fond of saying.

A Scenario Editor is the man or woman in charge of the scenario department of a film producing company, and his or her business is to select plays for production by that company and to make terms with their authors. Of course, a Scenario Editor does not do this absolutely independently, but only after consultation with officials of the company, with directors and with the stars themselves. But the selection of screen vehicles for the various productions is the Scenario Editor's real function.

Now for the Film Editor: In the so-called "credit titles" that precede the actual showing of a feature film, there is usually that of Film Editor, John Doe, and not one out of a thousand even wonders what Mr. John Doe has had to do with the picture. How the picture came to be in its present form is more or less of a mystery. As one Film Editor puts it:

"They have a general idea these days that some one had to 'piece it together'." And he goes on to explain, "And that is the job of the Film Editor—not only to piece it together, but to eliminate maybe ten times as much film as is finally used. It is his job to take the great mass of film that has been shot and patch it together so it will follow the story of the script, and then start in and intelligently pare it down, cut out the parts that have no vital bearing, and change a scene here and there.

"Perhaps he takes a scene intended to be used in the first part of the picture and places it at the end, if it will improve the dramatic value of the picture. In other words, the Film Editor must have as keen a knowledge of drama as the director who made the picture, and, generally, more than the man who wrote the script.

"If there is not enough suspense in one part of the picture, the Film Editor, by juggling other parts around, builds it up and a suspense that would otherwise fall flat is made, often-times, the biggest 'smash' of the film."

I have known Film Editors who could take waste footage of film and, by their skill and dramatic sense, piece together a very creditable picture.

Sometimes, but not often, when a picture is being cut at a place distant from the point of production and the director is not at hand, the Film Editor is called upon to supervise the shooting of some close-ups or of some little scenes needed to make the film move smoothly.

Anyway, you can see for yourself from the foregoing that a Film Editor is a very busy man.

And now you are in a position to decide which of the two jobs you would rather hold down, if ever the opportunity comes for you to make a choice.

And I think that even the mythical Michael referred to by my correspondent will be satisfied with the above explanation of the difference in the functions of the two editors.

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Mystery, seemingly without solution, now enters the drama which started for me

Across the Footlights

and continued to be played in my heart.

(Had I done the right thing in leaving Earl, taking Baby and going to live at a hotel while I searched for work? Of course, I could never go back to the Aberdeen Gardens. That was the beginning of our trouble. From the very first day that Giovanni Luigi engaged me for his cabaret, Earl was insanely jealous of the producer. He did not dream that his attentions were honorable, that, not knowing of my marriage, he had asked me to become his wife. Somehow I could not tell him, could not emphasize the contrast between the two; Luigi, big, strong, handsome, wealthy; my own beloved husband, crippled by a fall from a trapeze while he was playing in vaudeville, lying there so helpless, dependent upon me for every necessity. And, through it all, my love never for one instant swerved from the boy I had married when, a member of a cheap repertoire company, he played in the little town where I lived. Perhaps, if Luigi had not called to see Earl, the break would not have come. But how could I bear the humiliation, the unutterable hurt of hearing him tell a stranger that he did not want me around, that my presence was hateful to him, that he desired nothing so much as to be placed in an institution? Mrs. Muller, my landlady, who from the very first day had been an angel of goodness to us, tried to persuade me not to leave Earl, to convince me that he really loved me, that it was his fear that he was standing in my way, was keeping me from a wealthy marriage that had made him declare that he could no longer bear to have me around. Oh, how I hoped it was true! But in vain I looked for some sign of relenting, as I begged him to say that he wanted me to stay, if only for Baby's sake. But he turned away with an impatient gesture.

"Don't let us have another scene," he groaned. "It is hard to give up the baby and I'd like to see her as often as possible, but I want you to go. Don't make me say it again."

Mrs. Muller promised to look after him until I could afford to engage a professional nurse and I put forth every effort to secure a stage engagement that would enable me to provide for my two loved ones, for, in spite of everything, Earl was the dearest being in the world to me, yes, even dearer than my precious baby.)

* * *

I AM not built of Spartan material, but I developed a strain of it during the following week. Daily I stormed the fortresses, so to speak. I hung over desks, cajoled, pleaded, begged, demanded to be given a chance and finally succeeded.

The Shuberts were to open a musical comedy in three days and one of the chorus girls had proved refractory. I took her place. I think I gave thanks that night more wholeheartedly than I had ever done before in my life, thanks not only for the engagement, but because I would not have to go through a long siege of unpaid rehearsals, and, for the first time in many days, I did not damn the beauty the good God had given me, for it was my beauy alone that had gotten me work.

I had been so worried about finding a means to keep my family in food and home that I had had little time during the week to think about Earl except at night just before I went to sleep, a drugged sleep, from sheer exhaustion, then I would sob bitterly and wonder what he was doing.

I wondered if he ever thought of me, if, now that I had passed out of his life, he missed me, if he regretted sending me away. Grimly I puzzled over Luigi's attitude when he found that I had not returned to the Aberdeen Gardens. Did he know why I had not done so? There was a certain satisfaction in the realization that I had hurt him.

After the opening night of the musical comedy, I decided to telephone my husband and ask him if he would like to see Baby. We had a telephone placed near his chair shortly after his accident and I knew it was within his reach. I sat down in my room and called the number, feeling nervous and sick as I did so.

For some moments I waited for a reply, then I jingled the receiver and asked Central if she was ringing the right number as it would assuredly answer.

I heard the bell ring again, but no familiar voice came back over the wire.

A premonition that maybe Earl had died during my absence made the walls of the room seem to close in on me. Trembling and ice-cold, I called Mrs. Muller's number.

'My husband!" I sobbed. "Mrs. Muller, where **is he? What has happened?"**

"Is that you, Mrs. Delevan?" she answered. "Why, didn't you send for him?"

"Send for him? You mean he isn't there?"

"No. He left here two days ago."

"Left!" I gasped. "How—how could he leave? Who—who took him?"

"A lady came in a big black machine, and a chauffeur, I think it was, carried him and the chair out to the car. He didn't leave a message or anything so I supposed everything had been patched up between you two and you had sent some actress to take him to you!"

"My God!" I wailed. "And you don't know where he has gone or—anything?"

"No."

"Don't go out. I'm coming to see you right away."

On the crosstown car, a thousand thoughts revolved through my brain. A woman in a black limousine! A chauffeur! Whom did Earl know in such affluence? As far as I was aware, he had no women friends at all. Was it possible that all these months he had hidden something from me, that his indifference, more, his loathing for me, had been occasioned by love for another woman?

Was it possible that a woman of wealth had been willing to sacrifice herself for an invalid as I had done? Or was there some one in his past of whom I had never heard?

Suddenly I recalled Earl's sister whom we had not seen since our marriage. Might she not have come to New York and taken him away?

But she had married a comparatively poor man and was living in California. No, the woman could not have been she.,

WITH a very serious face Mrs. Muller admitted me into her basement apartment. I sank into a chair by the kitchen table and burst into convulsive weeping. For a little while she let me spend myself, then, when I was more composed, she insisted that I drink a cup of tea and eat some wafers.

"Tell me," I stammered, waving aside the tea, "what this woman looked like. Had you ever seen her before?"

"Yes, once. She came with a gentleman. It was rather late and I didn't see either one of them very well that night. When the chauffeur rang the bell, Mary ran out to the car to show them

Illustration through the courtesy of Sally O'Neil and Corliss Palmer.

When the mysterious lady called to see Earl, Mary Muller went out to the car to show her where his room was located.

where your husband's room was located. They stayed quite a while."

"And were they in a car when they went away?"

"Yes, the same black limousine."

"You remember the day I left, a gentleman called here, a tall, dark, Latin-looking man?"

"Yes."

"This wasn't the same man?"

"Oh, no! I'd have recognized him, for he was too big and good-looking to forget. He came back here the day after you left and again another time."

"Luigi here?" I gaspel.

She nodded.

"But why?"

"I'm sure I don't know."

"And, when the lady came two days ago, did you see her well enough to be able to describe her?"

"Well, she was dressed in black and was kind of heavy, but right pretty and——"

"Did she look like Earl, my husband?"

"Oh, no, not a bit. She had golden hair and blue eyes and——"

"Then she wasn't his sister." The faint hope that she might be died.

"I don't understand it all," I said, passing my hand over my aching head. "Why was no word

(*Continued on page 29*)

Consult Mystic Myra

She Sees All, Hears All, Knows All—And, If She Doesn't, She'll Find Out

Helen J: Your favorite, Greta Garbo, will be starred in an all-talking screen version of "Anna Christie". It is believed that Miss Garbo's foreign accent will be a distinct asset in playing the Scandinavian heroine of O'Neill's piece.

* * *

Sweet Sixteen: No, the Peggy Wood soon to make her screen debut in "Wonder of Women" could not possibly be your former school chum. This Peggy is a recruit from the musical-comedy stage. She is making her own movie at the same time she is playing in the picture. She takes her little amateur camera on the set with her and has worked out a story she films with her fellow players between scenes. Lewis Stone, Clarence Brown, director, Sarah Padden and several others are in the cast.

* * *

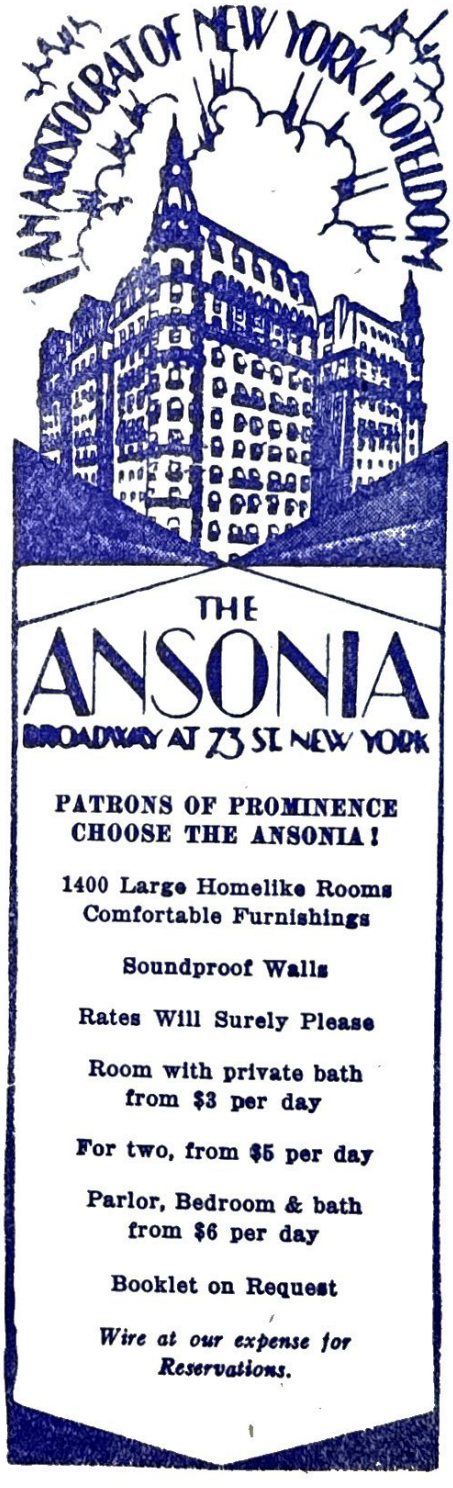
J. H.: No, Ben Lyon hasn't forsaken the screen. He will be seen next in "The Flying Marine", a talkie. As a licensed pilot, Ben is ideally suited to the rôle of the daredevil ace of this production. Shirley Mason and Jason Robards will have the other featured rôles.

* * *

Holt Fan: When will you see your favorite, Jack Holt? again? Watch for "The Donovan Affair" in which he will appear for the first time in the rôle of a detective. He plays the part of *Inspector Killian* in this all-talkie based on Owen Davis's famous mystery play. Jack's marvelous horsemanship got him into pictures via the "stunt-man" route in 1914. But it nearly stamped him as a "Western" actor, too. He is glad of the variety of rôles which he will be called upon to play now under his new contract with Columbia Pictures. Remember him in "Submarine"?

* * *

Jimmy: So you liked Leila Hyams in "Alias Jimmy Valentine"? So did we. Leila has been given one of the featured parts in "Wonder of Women", Clarence Brown's new production which is now under way at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio. Miss Hyams will be seen as the young opera singer who attempts to win away the central character of the story, Lewis Stone, from his wife, Peggy Wood. The completed cast of the film incldes George Fawcett, Harry Myers, Sarah Padden, Mack Swain, Wally Albright, Carmencita Johnston and Dietrich Haupt. Some cast, yes?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A WOMAN OF AFFAIRS

(*Continued from page 12*)

A LONDON fog hung over Mayfair as Neville turned his car on to the Great South Road toward Henley. Four months had passed since that anguished scene in the hospital, four feverish months of madness and desire. Neville's mind was burning and it was too clear it that he now drove at a dangerous speed to Henley and the houseboat and the calming presence of Hugh Trevelyan.

On the deck of the houseboat, Hugh stood talking to Diana, reclining in an armchair, dressed in a negligée.

"Hugh, you are a darling to bring me here," Diana was saying. "Oh, it's so good to be back in England! I hope you won't suffer for this. I hope that you won't be socially ostracized for smuggling me in."

He looked at her devotedly.

"I only wish I could do something to make you forget, to bring you some happiness," he returned.

The lights of Neville's car, turning toward the houseboat, swept across the upper deck. Both the doctor and Diana started up. They had recognized the car. Diana said:

"He must not know I am here."

Hugh ran down the steps to the gangplank and greeted Neville as he stepped aboard.

"What brings you here?" he asked.

"I didn't mean to come," Neville returned. "I just started to drive and I must have been driving for hours. But I'm glad I came. You're the only one to whom I can talk, the only one who understands."

Hugh smiled whimsically.

"Talk away! What is it all about?"

"Diana." Hugh looked upward apprehensively; he could hear Diana's footsteps on the thin roof that formed the flooring for the upper deck. Neville was saying, "I can't sleep—I am rotten to everyone, rotten to Constance. I've gone through hell since I saw Diana in Paris."

"You had your chance," Hugh answered.

"Well, Father was right, wasn't he? She's been everything he said she would be. She's got me, I tell you. She's murdering me as surely as she murdered David."

Hugh, bursting with fury, shouted:

"I've stood enough of this David Furness mess. Diana—ruining her whole life for a crazy idea—lying to save his rotten hide!"

"What do you mean?"

Hugh told him the story of David's suicide and concluded:

"If Diana knew I've told you this much, she'd never forgive me—she'd hate us both!"

But Neville did not hear him—he was already racing to the upper deck where he had heard Diana's footsteps. He threw himself at her feet, exclaiming:

"You must despise me for the weak, rotten coward I've been, but I love you. I have always loved you, Diana. You are so gallant, so generous! I am holding to that and trusting that in your generosity you can understand and forgive my weakness."

Diana bent down and kissed him. She was puzzled, but, at this moment, love and desire swept all doubt from her mind. They put their arms about each other.

In time their passion passed and they were again aware of the cold realities of life. Diana asked:

"Constance?"

"Constance will understand. Dear Constance!"

"Your father and your career?"

"We've both been sacrificed to my father and to my career. What has it brought us? Misery! Now we're going to think of our own happiness."

A marvelous light shone in Diana's eyes. She straightened her arm with a gesture of abandonment and, with a little splash, the ring fell into the Thames.

"The ring is in the Thames—fallen forever," she said.

THE headlights of Diana's car cut through the darkness surrounding the country seat of the Holderness family. As the lights penetrated to the living room, Hugh rose to his feet and turned to Sir Montague.

"She has come," he said. "The Merricks, for all their faults, have never been cowards."

"I know that," Sir Montague said. "That was why I appealed to her honor for this last interview. Even if Constance does approve, I cannot stand idly by and see my son ruin his life by going to South America with this notorious woman."

At that moment, Diana entered.

"Can we get this over quickly, Sir Montague?" she began. "I must finish packing tonight. We leave so early tomorrow morning."

Sir Montague looked at her, approval of her frankness in his eyes, as he said:

"So you are really going? It was to discuss this that I wished to see you. I want to ask you not to ruin my son's life."

"You had your way once," she answered. "Now—after all these years of hell—I'm going to have my way and happiness."

"How can you put the blame of your unhappiness upon me?" Sir Montague said, his face livid with anger. "Was it I who murdered David Furness?" At this Diana threw back her head as if he had struck her across the mouth. Sir Montague looked uncomfortable and tried to mollify her. "Perhaps 'murder' was too strong," he went on, "but you, yourself, said he died—'for decency'."

The door was flung open at his words and Neville and Constance stood in the doorway.

"To rescue you from this inquisition," Neville was saying, "Constance and I called for you at your hotel, but they told us that you had come on here." Turning to his father, he continued heatedly, "You apologize to Diana for what you said! I know the truth about this David Furness business!" Diana looked at Hugh, and he turned red beneath her gaze. He had betrayed her! Neville was speaking to Diana now. "I love you and I'm damned if I'll stand by and see you maligned! I want these people to respect you as I do."

Quickly he explained to his father the reason for David's suicide, and, when he had finished, Sir Montague extended his hand to Diana.

"I have misjudged you. Forgive me," he said.

"So that is why you came back to me!" Diana turned accusing eyes on Neville. "Now you have taken from me the only gracious thing I ever did in my life."

Before she could protest, however, Neville placed his arms about her shoulders and led her from the room. The three who remained behind looked blankly at one another. A moment later Neville returned. Kneeling down beside Constance, he said:

"God God, Constance, what do you think I am? Do you think I will leave you when you are going to have a child?"

"What do you mean?" his wife asked wonderingly.

"You told Diana about it," Neville answered, "making her swear not to tell me. At the last moment, she repented and told me. I couldn't leave you after that."

"But it's a lie!" Constance said. "Diana just made it up. I'm not going to have a child! It's a lie! She sent you back because she realized that you weren't worthy of the kind of love she had to give. You wanted us to respect her, too—and she wanted only your love."

Outside they could hear the roar of the motor as Diana started the Hispano Suiza. It was turning over at a terrifying speed as it tore out of the courtyard and started down the narrow drive.

"Stop her!" Neville cried. "She's heading for the oak tree. Like David—she wants to die!"

A moment later a rending scream of torn metal cut the air, followed by a reverbrating crash. The Hispano Suiza was a wreck. When Neville and Hugh reached it, they found Diana's lifeless body lying at the foot of the oak. Neville gathered it in his arms.

Hugh picked up Diana's jaunty hat from the dust and, holding it reverently in his hands, murmured, a tear in his eyes:

"She was a gallant lady."

HELPING HEARTS CLUB

(*Continued from page 2*)

torture. Because of this, I am writing to your "Golden Column", hoping that there may be some one who will find a soft spot in his heart and a little spare time on his hands to write to "just another lonesome little girl". Please do not think because I'm lonesome and this letter of mine has a strong note of blueness in it, that I am of a pessimistic makeup, for such is not the case. I am, by nature of a rather cheerful disposition, and, believe it or not, Mrs. Lee, nine times out of ten, when I feel like crying, I just sing at the top of my voice, and, wonder of wonders, the neighbors actually survive through it! Don't for goodness sake, let this prevent any pen pals from writing to me, for I assure them I can't possibly sing in any of my letters. In case the pen members want to know what they're writing to, here's a description of myself. I was born in "merry ole" England, May 9th, 1911 and from my time of birth have *always* been a blonde. Being a blonde, I naturally have blue eyes and fair complexion. My friends tell me I'm fairly good-looking, but, then, friends *will* be polite, you know. I have attained a height of five feet three and a half inches, and tip the scales at one hundred and fifteen pounds. Hoping this doesn't go against me, I'll be looking forward eagerly to hearing from some one soon. And, to you, and all the Pen Pals, here's bushels of luck.

Beverly of Old England.

P. S. I'm very keen about all outdoor sports, especially swimming, hiking, skating and tobogganning. My favorite indoor sports are dancing, reading and writing.

Sing away to your heart's content, Beverly. I don't think the pals will mind it a bit.

* * *

Miss Rosemary Lee:

I am a lonesome school girl of sixteen, black hair, dark blue eyes and fair skin, and very timid. I wish very much to hear from Irving of Brooklyn, N. Y. I want to become a member of your club. I am a regular reader of HEARTS.

Yours very truly,

Lonely "Bet" of Ga.

It's nice to have you with us, Betty!

* * *

My dear Mrs. Lee:

While riding home in the train last night, I found the magazine HEARTS in the seat I was sitting in. Naturally, I picked it up and read it, so now you have a regular subscriber and I would also like to join your club. I am five feet eleven inches, weigh 145 pounds, have brown eyes and brown hair and, last but not least, I have a very cute misplaced eyebrow on my upper lip. It's what they call a football mustach—11 on each side, get me? I will answer all mail from anybody anywhere.

Ace of Spades of Riverside.

Four of us fellows from home have a whist club. Each member has a certain suite and I happen to have spades, so that's why we call ourselves Ace of Spades.

And now you may become an Ace of Clubs.

* * *

Dear Rosemary Lee:

I have been a reader of your HEARTS and would like to join the club. I am a topper in a hosiery mill and often at lunch hour enjoy reading HEARTS, so I am not lonesome for pals. I would like to have some new ones and thought maybe you could help me find some. I am eighteen, five feet, six inches tall, weigh 140 pounds, have copper-colored hair, dark brown eyes and good complexion. I have won several prizes in beauty contests, so you know I am not what you would call lonely but would like to correspond with some one nice who may be lonely.

Helen of Philadelphia.

There are plenty of lonely ones, Helen, so you'll be kept busy.

* * *

Dear Mrs. Lee:

Until to-day, I never knew such a club as you are conducting existed. It surely must be the most wonderful friendship club in America. I like this country, only it is so hard to find true friends. I come from Bordeaux, France. I am studying American Art here. Having had an English education, I write both French and English. I am a young man twenty-two, black hair and eyes. I would like to correspond with American-born young men and girls. I will answer any question about my country. I would like as a special favor to hear from Lonely Boy of Woonsocket, R. I. I have had a similar experience to his and feel I could console him a bit.

I will be very grateful for anything you can do to help me. Perhaps you will be so kind as to publish my letter. Thanking you in advance,

Very truly yours,

Emil O'D.

So glad to welcome you! I know our pals are going to find much help from corresponding with you.

* * *

My dear Rosemary Lee:

Will you welcome another lonely heart? I want you to find me a pen pal who will be my pal for all time. He (or she) doesn't have to be made to

order or be a shiek or shiekess. My life has been nothing but a big, huge mass of loneliness. I have never noticed Helping Hearts Club very much, because I didn't think you ever really did get pen pals. A few of my neighbors write to some people through this club. and I am truly ashamed the way I thought of this club. I crave a pen pal and my Christmas stationery and fountain await the arrival of a letter from one of your pen pals. I am a blonde, five feet four and have blue eyes, love dancing, skating, basketball and belong to nearly every club of sport there is at the night school I go to and still I can not make a friend. I also love anything else pertaining to sports. I will exchange photos with anybody who answers this plea to prove I am not so bad looking. I had better close before you refuse to have me in your club. With the best wishes and good luck to your wonderful club,

Yours very truly,
Blondee of St. Louis.

Shame, shame, Lillian, that you didn't realize how nice we are right from the start! My boys and girls are the best ever!

* * *

Dear Roesmary Lee:

Kindly forward my letter to Lonesome Lass of Maine at your earliest convenience. I should be delighted to make some pen pals. If you have anybody that would like to hear from a former coal miner, send her my address as I sure need somebody to write to. All I do here in New York is go to a show or sit in my four-wall room and read. I would be delighted to hear from some poor lady who has a child as I am very fond of children.

Yours truly,
A Former Coal Miner.

Good for you! I have a soft spot in my heart for the kiddies, too. If you pen pals make the acquaintance of young widows with children who need a little sunshine brought into their lives, how splendid it's going to be!

(*Continued on page* 31)

THE LITTLE BIG MAN

(*Continued from page* 14)

of the comedian was turned wistfully toward me.

"Do you think they'll like it, Miss Hamilton? Gee, I do hope they'll like it! Honestly, I've—I've gone down on my knees every night and prayed that they'll like it!"

They liked *him,* that was plain enough. The thunderous applause that greeted him when he went up to take a curtain call or two and "say a few words" should have assured him of that. But the picture was "just one of those things". Perhaps the public realized that it hadn't been fair to put Little Billy into those girl-child clothes, even though he was a prize-fight manager for the rest of the picture. It didn't ring true. It had funny "bits", but it was manifestly a story written to drag in the character of the little man; it would not stand alone. There was every reason why it was not a big enough picture for him and all his friends told him so, but he himself was bitterly disappointed.

Later, when people talked to him about doing another picture, he would shake his head and then raise those frank, poignant gray eyes to face the speaker.

"No—not any more pictures. I made one—you probably know. And, though my friends have been mighty good about saying it wasn't my fault, I'm—I'm not so sure. I just didn't click—that's all. You can't be a success in pictures unless you click."

But Billy's friends were not content to let things rest like that. They knew that somewhere in his heart that thought stayed and hurt. Somewhere, someday, there must come a story that would give him a chance to prove to himself that he could click in pictures. And it came. Columbia has just finished making "Sideshow" and very soon, now, it will be released. It is Little Billy's picture, although dainty Marie Prevost and genial Ralph Graves do splendid work all through its colorful story. But it is Little Billy's picture because in it he has a chance to be himself—kindly, big-hearted and brave—making an asset of his diminutive height and bringing laughter and pathos together to tug at the hearts of the audience.

BILLY left "A la Carte", in which he was playing at the Martin Beck Theatre in New York, when Columbia Pictures offered him the part of *P. W. Melrose,* midget, who rose from the sideshow to be the owner of the circus. He is the central figure, round whom the forces of love and hate and loyalty battle to a thrilling finish. He does not have to clown or be comedy relief or wear children's clothes—he is himself, the little man who made his abnormality an asset instead of a liability, and he does a piece of work that will long be remembered. "Sideshow" rings true—it is a *possible* story. I saw it myself a few days ago. I detected only one false note in the whole magnetic tale—false, that is, to Little Billy's personality. I do not think he would, even in the heat of anger, order or permit an attempted murder. But, be that as it may, the incident is a very exciting one and is worth keeping for its thrill. Otherwise, the story fits Little Billy's personality as no other could. I only hope you will enjoy it as much as I did. It is the best circus story I have seen for a very long time.

And I think Little Billy is going to be very happy when he realizes that this time he has "clicked". He deserves to.

SIN TOWN

(*Continued from page* 18)

party tonight—eh?"

"You've sure got a great head for ideas!" the sheriff admired.

But he felt differently about it when he went to the jail later to take bread and soup to his prisoners. The cheerful O'Toole enticed him near the bars on the pretext of looking at the portrait of himself, drawn with chalk on the white-washed wall, and then reached over and lifted the pistol neatly from the jailer's holster. In three minutes the captor was captured and the prisoners were free. Pete Laguerre, entering a moment after, was treated in the same way and the buddies rode, laughing, out to the Burton ranch.

"Sorry we're late," Silk explained to Mary, "but we've been in jail."

Her face clouded.

"Oh—I'm so worried about you! They'll take it out on you for—for helping me and—"

"We couldn't have a better reason for making them sore," said the gallant Silk.

She smiled, and his heart turned a happy flip-flop under his gay shirt. He went in and sat beside her in the cosy living-room, while the tactful O'Toole stayed outside "to talk to the chickens", as he explained.

Mary's curly head rested very close to Merrick's shoulder and her hand was nestling in his when there came a shout from outside:

"Silk! Quick! They're after us!"

Sure enough! Laguerre and the sheriff had escaped from the jail with the help of another of the gang and were riding, hot-foot, to take the buddies back. With a cheery glance at Mary, Silk ran out, leaped on his horse and followed the galloping figure of Chicken O'Toole.

On came the pursuers, sweeping past the ranch house with a clatter of hoofs and breasting the rise beyond. Soon they began to fire. The two friends spurred hard, but, by ill luck, a bullet brought down O'Toole's horse and he was thrown. Merrick, raging but helpless for the moment, watched Laguerre's band rope Chicken to a horse and lead him back to town. They appeared to be satisfied for the time with one capture. Silk turned his mount and rode back to the ranch.

There, a new factor had entered the case. Mary, who had watched the pursuit with her heart in her eyes, was standing outside the house when a strange figure tottered in at the gate and collapsed almost at her feet. It was mad Tim, the evangelist, and he bore the marks of a terrible beating.

"Pete Laguerre did it!" he gasped. "He caught me and lashed me with his whip! I've been afraid to tell what I knew—afraid of him, but now I'll tell. I'm not so crazy but that my evidence is as good as any. It was Pete Laguerre who shot your father. I saw him—and I can give you the names of the others that saw it!"

Good!" a kindly voice said at Mary's shoulder and she saw that Doc Randall, President of the Ranchers' Association, was beside her. "I've thought so all along," he went one, "and this clinches it. Come along, Mary—fix this poor fellow up with a feed and then we'll round up the rest of the Ranchers.

So, when the weary Silk drew rein outside the ranch-house, he found it deserted except for the battered evangelist who, warmed and comforted, was eating a good supper. He explained what had happened and how Mary had ridden away at the head of the Ranchers to capture Pete Laguerre in his own stronghold.

"They're going to burn the town—burn the saloon—everything! The fires shall come as I said—the whole town shall burn—burn—burn!"

Suddenly Silk had a terrible thought. O'Toole! He'd be in the jail, of course, and the jail would burn! Mary did not know that they had taken Chicken—no one knew but himself. With a bound he mounted his horse and galloped away down the darkened road to save his friend.

IN Sin Town, all was confusion. A panic-stricken man had rushed into Pete's Paradise, shouting:

"It's all up! The Ranchers are coming—there are fifty or sixty of them—riding into town. They're riding with torches and the Burton girl is leading them on her white horse! They're going to burn the town!"

Pete Laguerre swore violently and drew his revolver. He and the choicest spirits of his gang entrenched themselves in the saloon and prepared to do battle. The raiding ranchers came galloping down the street, tossing lighted torches into houses and buildings, leaving a trail of growing fire behind them. Pistols barked from windows and roofs. Here and there a man fell; here and there men struggled in the dancing red shadows of the burning town. Riding furiously in the trail of the fire, Silk Merrick saw, with a sick heart, that the jail was already in flames. But, if O'Toole was there, what was fire? He dismounted and dashed through the smothering smoke.

"Chicken! Chicken!" he cried.

"Here!" moaned a voice. Merrick stooped in the red murk and managed to unfasten the bonds that tied his buddy to the bars. Together they staggered from the inferno—safe! In the open air, O'Toole recovered quickly. "There's one more job to be done!" he said. "Capture that sheriff and Laguerre! They thrashed me, the devils, with Laguerre's whip! Burning's too easy a death for 'em!"

"All right! This way! I know a back door to the saloon behind the jail."

The defence of the saloon was faltering. Men, blinded with smoke, still fought on, quelled by the more fiery language of Pete Laguerre. But Pete was no match for the sinewy pair that tackled him and dragged him from the building. The sheriff was captured by Silk, alone, after he had secured Laguerre, and the two villains were soon handed over to the Ranchers.

O'Toole rode joyously after the Ranchers to see justice done, but Silk was searching for a certain rider on a white mustang. Mary's eyes glowed as she saw him.

"You're safe!" she cried. "I'm so glad—so glad!"

"AND so I guess our job here is ended," Silk said later.

The girl smiled.

"Don't you think—I need taking care of—any more?" she asked.

And Silk Merrick, who had always been famous for his pretty manners and pretty speeches, could say only one word—but that came from his very heart:

"Mary!"

MOLLY AND ME

(*Continued from page 5*)

last minute attending to baggage—how it brought back old times!

"Gee, I've a great mind to hop on the rattler with you, Baby." And he meant it. "Remember those nights out in the sticks when we bunked on waitin' room benches?"

"And I'd go to sleep with my head on your shoulder and wake up with yours on my lap!"

The brave eyes were gay for they reflected the light from a brave heart. The smile that lifted the corners of the sweet mouth quivered a bit—but perhaps that was due to the excitement around.

"Remember the night we played Oshgosh and——"

"All aboard!"

There was a hasty kiss, a quick clasp of the hand and the train bore the queen of burlesque, who could now let the tears flow unheeded, back to the "sticks" and a taxi sped a man, who was already smiling at the antics of two street urchins, to keep the afternoon's engagement with his new partner.

AND, to do Jim justice, his mind, filled with this new life, had no idea that Molly was suffering, so courageous had been her meeting with this greatest tragedy of her life, so free from reproach had been her attitude to this child of the theatre who was her husband. Nor did he realize how strong a hold the vivacious little Peggy was gaining on his affections. She was proud of his attentions, happy to be seen in his company, for, with a sense of values which few would have accredited to the sprightly little dancer, she realized that it was Jim's ability as a comedian much more than her own personal appeal that was making the team the most popular combination on Broadway. And, when *Variety* inserted the notice, "Jim Wilson, the now famous comic of the 'Frolics', says that little Peggy McCoy is largely responsible for the success of their act; in fact, he considers Peggy the best partner he has ever had," Peggy just had to stop at his hotel suite to have him verify the truth of the statement.

"Did you really say it, Jim?" she queried.

Her brown eyes were looking into his so eagerly, so anxiously, he didn't have the heart to tell her that his words to the reporter hadn't been quite so sweeping, so he nodded in affirmation—and the soft eyes of the pictured face at which he gazed over Peggy's curly head seemed to take on a reproachful look—his partner for fifteen years!

"Oh, Jim, you adorable darling!" Peggy accompanied her expression of gratitude with an appreciative little hug. "Come up to my apartment tonight after the show—I have something important to tell you," she called as she tripped to the door.

"And there's something I want to whisper in your ear," he returned.

When the door had closed upon Peggy's dancing little figure, Jim Wilson set himself to the task of writing the most difficult letter of his life. Time after time he started it, 'Dear Molly'—but it was so hard to say it, so hard when the eyes of that pictured face were still gazing so reproachfully into his. And, even when it was finished, he just couldn't seem to put it into the letter box. He'd take it to the theatre with him and mail it on his way home. It was airmail. It would get there in plenty of time.

THE show seemed interminable that night. Peggy was more sparkling than ever. Was it in anticipation of what he was going to tell her? Finally, however, it came to an end and he was on his way to Peggy's apartment, his heart singing a joy song that had the earmarks of a tenor's ballad rather than the featured number of a comedian's act. And, back in the recess of his mind, something was bothering him, something connected with Peggy and yet— He had it—the letter to Molly! Had he mailed it or what had he done with it? For the life of him, he couldn't remember.

He knocked gently at the door of Peggy's apartment. There was no answer. He turned the knob. It was open. He would steal in and surprise her. Perhaps she would run right into his arms, for surely she had guessed what it was he wanted to tell her. Noiselessly he laid his hat and cane on the table in the foyer, then stole to the door of the living-room. There he stopped, rooted to the spot by what he saw—Peggy clasped in the arms of Dan Kingsley, the "Frolics" manager, Peggy receiving his kisses— and returning them!

So engrossed were the couple in their lovemaking that they were unaware of Jim's presence until his "What's Dan to you?" broke the stillness like a clap of thunder. Peggy turned to him, no hint of embarrassment on her happy face.

"Why, we're engaged," she told him softly.

"But I thought that you—and—me—" finally broke from his white lips.

And, for the first time, the light dawned on Peggy McCoy's mind and she realized how her partner had misinterpreted their professional companionship.

"But, Jim, I don't understand—you're already married!" Then the look of abject misery on the face she had seldom seen without its smile brought the smarting tears to her eyes and she laid her hand gently on his arm. "Oh, I'm so sorry if I made you believe that!"

But to an actor the masking of his true feelings is second nature. He does not play a part day in and day out for years to miss his cue when the crucial moment comes. A broad grin turned up the corners of the mouth that was so big and yet so loveable and, if the voice was a trifle husky, none but Dan Kingsley guessed the cause.

"For shame, Peggy! And you took the old comic seriously! It was just a clown's joke, didn't you know that, little Peggy?"

As he paused in the foyer for his hat and cane a few moments later, he grimaced at the face reflected in the mirror above the table—a grimace that had convulsed audiences from coast to coast, only now behind the funny mask there was a wistfulness that would have wrung an understanding heart as he murmured to his reflection:

"With that mug?"

JIM Wilson had never covered the ground between Peggy's apartment and the "Frolics" Theatre with such speed as he did that night. He remembered leaving the letter on his dressing table but he must be sure, he couldn't run any risk.

"Did you see a letter addressed to—my wife?" he queried the valet who was preparing his clothes for the next day's performance.

"Oh, yes. I took it down to the post office myself," the valet returned proudly.

Five minutes later a breathless Jim Wilson addressed the night clerk.

"I posted an airmail about 11:15. If I give you the address on it, can't you stop?"

The clerk slowly shook his head.

"I'm sorry but the letter is on the plane and nothing can stop it."

OVERTURE had been called in a little theatre many miles from New York where Broadway is only a name and Molly Wilson was putting the finishing touches to her make-up.

"Hello, funny face!" she addressed the laughing picture that was on her shelf. "This show can't keep us apart any longer. Your Momsey's given in her notice and she's going back to you. And the footlights are not going to separate us again—ever."

On the way to the stage she stopped at the letter box.

"Something for you, Miss Wilson," the old doorman told her. "It has an airmail stamp on it. It must be important."

"Why, it's from Jim," she said proudly as her lips caressed the name on the envelope.

It was almost time for her cue but she'd steal a glance at it as she waited for the opening bars of her first number. A moment later she turned white beneath her make-up and grasped the curtain for support. God, she must be dreaming! But, no, every word was burned into her brain with a pen of fire.

"Dear Molly:

"A long while ago you said if either one of us wanted to be free, the other wouldn't stand in the way. And I guess I ought to tell you this, Molly, that——. Well, you know how it is in our game. A partner is almost a wife and Molly—"

Bill Harrison's hand was on her shoulder and his voice was coming to her from away way off:

"Good Lord, Molly—don't you hear they're playing your number?"

"Yes, yes, I hear—but, Bill, I—I—I can't go on. I just got some bad news and I can't—I just can't. Bill, I'll sing anything else but that song—our song—'The Land of Make-Believ'. Tell them to play something else."

"Come on, Molly! Don't throw me down like this! You're too good a trouper! Why, Molly, you've never missed a show since we started!"

"Yes, I know, Bill, I know that—but tonight—well, I'll try, Bill. I'll try. Sure, I'll try."

Gamely she danced out onto the stage. Mechanically her smile swept the house from orchestra to topmost gallery. But something in the brave heart had snapped. Try as she would, she could not force the melody from her throat. Instead, there came only a dry hard sob. The boys in the pit looked up at her wonderingly. What was the matter with Molly? They must help her all they could! But what could they do to keep her from flopping entirely?

"Please—just a minute, Professor! Will you start that number again?"

They played the opening bars and their eyes looked up into her misty ones with silent sympathy. A good trouper like Molly Wilson! In another moment the curtain would be rung down! What had happened?

Then a voice came from the box just above the stage, the box from which Jim Wilson had done his stuff for fifteen years. It was just a whisper, a breath, but Molly heard:

"Come on, Babe—snap into it! That's your cue!" Then to the audience, "'In the Land of Make-Believe.' Gee, folks, that's the song I sing! You want to hear me? Okay, boys! I'll go right down there on the stage with the pretty lady and show you something about singing."

So that was part of the act, just a stall to get the fellow in the box down on the stage! Clever stunt—that! The tension broke and the audience sat back to enjoy the antics of the comedian with the funny face. And Broadway had never heard Jim Wilson sing as he sang that night.

"There, side by side,
With love so true and tried,
In the Land of Make-Believe."

If only it could be true, if only he hadn't wrecked the happiness of fifteen years by writing that letter; If only—They were taking their bows now. The audience was stamping with delight. If only they could go on this way, "There, side by side, with love so true and tried"!

"SIT down on the trunk, Jim. It's the only other chair in the place."

Molly was careless in removing her make-up tonight. She was smearing the mascaro right into her eyes and the tears were streaming down her face.

"Thanks, Babe!"

"Gee, I was surprised to see you out front!" This from behind the towel.

"Yeah, I thought I would kinda hop down and say 'Hello'."

"Show close?"

"Nope, still running."

"That pretty little partner of yours—she isn't sick, is she?"

"Nope, she's all right. She's feeling okay."

"That's good!"

"Say, Babe, I'm going to run outside for a few minutes. I'll be right back."

But the "W" box was empty. Had Molly received the letter or was he in time to intercept it?

"What's the matter, Jim? Is there something wrong?" she questioned anxiously when he returned to her dressing-room."

He'd have to come out with it! He couldn't stand the suspense any longer!

"Molly, I wrote you a letter and I said a lot of things—things I didn't mean."

"Yes, I know. Sure, I got it just before I went on the stage—but I didn't have time to read it. See, it's right here. I'll look at it now." She pulled it from the bosom of her dress where it had been burning a hole right into her heart.

"Now, Honey—Molly—please don't open it! Please! I made a mistake! That letter is not for you!"

"Yes, but it's addressed to me. It has my name on it—Molly Wilson—just as plain as can be." Her voice was hysterical now but she hid it with one of those little giggles he had loved so well.

"Yes, but I wrote two letters and I put yours in the wrong envelope. Please, Molly, tear it up."

"Jim, are you sure this letter isn't meant for me?"

MOLLY AND ME

"Sure!"

"Well, then, of course, I won't read it. I wouldn't read it for anything in the world, if it isn't meant for me. I wouldn't want anyone to read my letters. See, I'll tear it up. There it is—all gone!"

What a great little actress she was! And they hadn't wanted her on Broadway!

"Molly—thanks!" And there were tears in the eyes of the "Frolics" funniest comedian.

"Jim, you know I'm kinda sorry I tore that letter up," she teased. "I think I should have read it. Maybe it was to some beautiful blonde."

"Ah, apple sauce! What beautiful blonde would ever look at a mug like mine?"

"Here, here now! This blonde has been looking at that mug for fifteen years—and she loves it!"

He was kneeling beside her now and there was worship in the hungry eyes lifted to the lovely, glorified face.

"Yes, but Molly—Molly—you're an angel!"

From the other side of the closed door came the faint distant rustle of the audience leaving the theatre, leaving to the strains of the theme song of the show, played by a group of wondering men in the pit, men who would wonder but who would never know.

'There, side by side,
With love so true and tried,
In the Land of Make-Believe."

ACROSS THE FOOTLIGHTS

(*Continued from page 21*)

left with you? Even if he cared nothing for me, he did seem to love his baby and would not want to pass entirely out of her life. Is the apartment closed? Has nothing been taken away?"

"Nothing has been taken, I'm sure of that. I was so dumbfounded when I saw that man carrying Mr. Delevan down the stairs that I stood and rubbered as I shouldn't and I saw that he didn't even have a bag or a suit-case with him, so I just supposed that maybe these were some friends who were going to take him for a ride, though I knew a man with a broken back wouldn't be able to enjoy auto riding. Then, when he didn't come back, I got to thinking, and naturally supposed you'd sent for him."

"Suppose — suppose," I moaned, "there has been another wreck and Earl has been killed without ever seeing me again, without anyone's knowing where to reach me! Oh, God, why did I go away? Why did I listen to him? Even if he did want me to leave him, I had no right to do it! He was not normal, not responsible for what he said! And I never sent him word where I was! I just dropped out of his life, and probably he thought he would never hear from me or Baby again! Oh, my God! My God!"

I paced the floor, wringing my hands in a paroxysm of grief.

"There, there!" Mrs. Muller caught me by the shoulders and shook me. "It isn't going to do you a bit of good to carry on like this! Maybe, if you'll go upstairs, you'll find a note or something from him that'll tell you where he is. The whole thing looks queer, I'll admit, but it's no use to have hysterics over it."

Her advice was good. Without a word I left the apartment and mounted the stairs to my own.

That little room brought such poignant memories that I sank back against the door, dizzy and sick. Everything was just the same except that the wheel chair was missing. A pile of newspapers on the floor told of the hours Earl had spent getting his only glimpse of the outside world through the printed pages.

There was dust on the table near where the chair was wont to stand, dust on the window-sill, dust on everything, and that dust told me how my boy had been neglected during my absence.

Unconsciously almost, I proceeded to straighten and tidy the rooms even as I looked about for some message, yet I knew there would be none, and there wasn't, not a line, nothing to tell me where he had gone or why.

Not to an institution, of that I was sure, for no institution sends a luxurious limousine and a chauffeur for its inmates.

Perhaps Giovanni Luigi would know. And, though I loathed the idea of going to him, I realized that I would have to do so.

Something told me that Luigi was behind my husband's disappearance. I knew that he was not a man who would give up the woman he loved without a struggle. All the kindly feelings I had experienced for him were gone now. With every drop of blood in my body I hated him, and, if through him Earl had gone away and left no word for me, I would find some manner to make him suffer as I was suffering.

Of course, such morbid thoughts were ridiculous, I see it now, for Earl was a man with a mind of his own and certainly Luigi could not abduct him. But I did not stop to analyze or use logic.

Regardless of expense, I jumped into a taxi and hastened to Luigi's office. Perhaps it was fortunate that he was not in, for I was so nearly insane and so certain that he was responsible for this thing that I would probably have done something I would have regretted all my life.

"Where is he?" I demanded of the girl at the desk. "I'm going to see him, you might as well understand that, so tell me where to find him."

"He's not engaging anyone just now," she answered wearily.

"I'm not looking for an engagement. This is a personal matter."

"Oh!" She removed her chewing gum and stared at me with a sudden interest. "Well, he's home with the flu or something like that and I don't know when he'll be here."

"Where does he live?"

"If you're a friend of his, you ought to know," she drawled, "and, if you ain't, I can't tell you!"

"You tell me!" I demanded, menacingly leaning across the desk.

The expression in my face must have frightened her, for she shrank back from me and gave me an address on Riverside Drive.

As I left the office, I heard her say to another girl near the window:

"My Gawd, I hope Luigi ain't ruined her; she's out after him with a gun!"

NEVER had the subway seemed so slow, never had the seconds and minutes dragged so interminably. Though I reached my destination in less than half an

hour, it seemed a century to my palpitating nerves.

I found the address easily. He lived in a huge stone structure near One Hundred and Sixteenth Street, with a hall-man and two vast gilded elevators and a switchboard. The marble lobby was filled with potted plants and everything bespoke luxury, luxury that might be mine if I but spoke the word.

With only a glance at the switchboard, not far from the door, I hastened toward the nearest elevator, but, as I started to get in, the telephone girl's voice arrested me.

"Whom do you want to see?"

"Giovanni Luigi."

"You'll have to be announced. What name please?"

"Mrs. Delevan. No—er—Mrs. Earl."

Her eyebrows lifted superciliously

"Well, which?" she asked.

"Mrs. Earl."

I waited for a moment, tapping my heel nervously on the tiling, then she said with more cordiality in her voice:

He says you can go up, Fourth floor, front, 4A."

Not until I reached the door that opened into his apartment did I realize just what I was doing. Perhaps I was walking into a trap he had set for me! Perhaps it was for just this moment that he had spirited Earl away!

Only for a second was I ready to turn away, and, in that second while I hesitated, the door opened and Luigi himself stood framed in the light behind him. In a dark silk dressing-gown he appeared taller and handsomer than ever, and there was certainly nothing devilish or wicked in the smile with which he greeted me.

Before I could speak, he took my hand and pulled me into the apartment, then closed the door behind him.

"My dear child," he murmured, "this is a pleasant surprise! I was afraid I was never going to see you again!"

"I didn't come to see you!" I sobbed defiantly. "I want to find out about my husband!"

"You did come to see me, Nacy!" Instead of releasing my hand he drew me to him, and, though I wanted to resist the gentle pressure that was pulling me into his embrace, I was powerless to do so. "You came to me just as he said you would! You came of your own free will!"

(*To be continued in the next issue*)

THE SIN SISTER

(*Continued from page* 9)

PLENTY was happening, particularly in the case of the great J. T. Horn. He was furious, facing the harrassed Captain.

"But I've *got* to get to Seattle, I tell you—I've got to! What about my business? What about my partners? How much will you take to get me to Seattle? Two thousand? Five Thousand? Come along, man!"

"I've told you, Mr. Horn, that this ship is fast here and can't be moved till the ice shifts. If five thousand dollars would melt the ice, we'd melt it. But it won't! I've done my best! A man can't do more!"

"Well, I think it's an outrage!" Ethylyn chimed in, pretty and cross, from the depths of her luxurious fur coat. "I don't *want* to stay on this horrible old boat."

"I can assure you, Madam, that no one would be more delighted than I to see you leave it," the Captain remarked truthfully.

From the crow's nest a man gave a hail and then scrambled down.

"Two teams of dogs, sir, with that trapper, Bob Melton! I recognized his huskies."

The Captain raised a relieved face to meet J. T. Horn's scowl.

"The trapper might take you off—for a consideration," he suggested.

Horn jumped at the idea. Leaning from the ship's side, he beckoned to the trapper.

The man did not take kindly to the idea at first and then his bold, roving eyes took in the face of Ethylyn at her father's side and an idea flickered behind his glance.

"Who's comin'?" he asked.

"Myself, my daughter and my secretary."

A voice, melting as butter, spoke at his side.

'Oh, Mr. Horn, you'll take me, too, won't you? You are so big and strong and good—and God has given you the opportunity to help one of His poor servants!"

It was the evangelist. J. T. Horn liked that remark about his goodness and the woman's eyes were soft and pleading. He nodded.

"And this lady, too."

They climbed over the side and were lowered to the packed ice below. Looking back, Roland saw the face of Pearl, wistfully watching them, and he hesitated. Leave her—the only woman among all those rough men of the crew? Al, lame and weak, was poor protection for her young loveliness. He touched Horn on the shoulder and asked him if the girl could not come. Horn brusquely refused at first but Roland was clever enough to find a chink in his armor.

"It wouldn't look so good, Boss—if anything happened to her. The papers back home, you know—'J. T. Horn leaves a woman unprotected among a tough crew.' I don't think the publicity would do you much good. Let her and that poor lame fellow come along. There's room on the other sledge."

"All right—all right!" the millionaire growled.

So Al and Pearl scrambled down in their turn and were off in the wake of the first sled.

THROUGH bitter cold and driving snow the sleds mushed for what seemed hours and hours to the shivering riders. The two Eskimo drivers plodded along steadily and Trapper Bob strode beside the front sled, apparently unaware of cold. Roland, his ears full of the monotonous complaining of Ethylyn Horn, looked back and saw Pearl laughing as she talked to Al, and Al's answering grin. The contrast struck him hard. Here were these two waifs, hard up, jobless and—cheerful, while the millionaire carried a steady grouch that deepened as time went on and his spoiled daughter grew more petulant and irritated and the evangelist woman prayed annoyingly aloud and Roland himself was silent and depressed. What a spoil-sport crowd this crowd of his was, after all—and how game the other two were! Culture didn't seem to count for so much up here, or good breeding or conventional morals. Pearl was probably one of those girls whom he had been brought up to consider "cheap" and tawdry, but she was facing hardship with a smile. Roland realized that he might figure as a pretty poor specimen in Pearl's eyes, with his safe "white-collar" job, his "yessing" of his employer

and his weak acquiescence in Ethylyn's whims. It made him think.

SUDDENLY the dog-teams stopped outside a tiny cabin and Trapper Bob flung open the door.

"All out! Halfway house! You kin light up the stove an' one of the drivers'll bring in some cans of beans. You stay here overnight, see! I'll make camp with the dogs. You'll see me later."

They got out stiffly and the Eskimo driver, after putting down a dozen cans of beans, went out and shut the door. They heard the jingle of the dogs' harness as the teams drove off.

"Somebody light the fire—I'm frozen," J. T. Horn snarled.

Ethylyn was looking round her.

"What a horrid place! Only two bunks—filled with dirty straw! Ugh! I'll take this one." She flung her coat on the better of the two bunks and added a rug from the three brought in by the driver.

The evangelist, Sister Burton, made haste to secure the second bunk, though she noticed with distaste that it was broken. She looked angrily at Ethylyn as she cilmbed in. J. T. Horn growled under his breath, but contented himself with appropriating a wide table. Roland noticed that the presence of Pearl had been quite ignored by the others, so he, himself, fixed her up a rug on a wide shelf against the wall. Ethylyn called fretfully and he went to her side. She glared at him.

"No, I don't want anything from you, after all. You go and take care of that dancing person."

Roland turned away and rolled himself up in a blanket beside Al near the stove. Thank goodness, he thought, this trip would soon be over. He would be glad to see the last of old Horn and that little cat, Ethylyn, and the tense, over-wrought evangelist woman, too. There seemed to be something false about her. Was her constant parade of prayer really genuine? Maybe he was misjudging her. Anyway, he'd soon be rid of all of them—even Pearl. No—he didn't want to be rid of Pearl. As he dropped off to sleep, he thought of her brave, merry smile. In the morning she'd smile at him again, maybe—in the morning, when the dog-teams came— He slept.

SOON after dawn, they arose, cold and stiff, and consumed the rest of the cans of beans, all except one which the prudent Al, long accustomed to hardship, secreted in his pocket. Then, in various stages of impatience and discomfort, they sat down to wait for the trapper. It was bitterly cold. There was no fuel for the fire and Ethylyn protested violently when her father insisted upon using some of the straw from her bunk to start a small blaze. In a corner, Sister Burton kept up her incessant prayers and, on the other side of the room, Al found a battered old piano on whose broken keys he began to play. Ethylyn glanced round the room and started to wail hysterically.

"Oh stop, be quiet! I'm cold and I'm hungry and I can't stand the horrible noise you people are making! Oh! Oh!"

Pearl looked at her with something like pity. She handed her a crushed packet of cigarettes.

"Have a smoke—and keep hold of yourself," she said.

Ethylyn greedily took all but two of the remaining cigarettes and began to smoke. Roland went to Pearl's side.

"That was a mighty white thing to do," he said, "sharing your last smokes—and with her. You know, I'm beginning to worry about that trapper, it's getting late."

"So'm I worrying—a bit," Pearl admitted.

And, indeed, the situation was becoming dreadfully plain. J. T. Horn saw it, too.

"Say," he blurted out, "d' you suppose anything's happened to that fellow? Maybe he and his dogs got lost or something. Maybe he isn't coming back."

"He might be delaying, hoping to hold you up for more money," Roland suggested.

The hours went on and the cold grew more bitter.

"There are no more beans, are there?" Sister Burton asked.

"No—and no sign of that man, either," Horn said.

Suddenly a terrible scream broke from Ethylyn and her eyes grew wild and bright with hysterical horror.

"He'll never come back! He'll never come for us! And we'll starve to death—we'll freeze and die—we'll starve—*starve,* STARVE to death!"

The others looked at one another with pale faces. Suppose that what she said was true! The hours went on.

(Six people abandoned in a lonely cabin—without food and with very little heat! Sinners and saints—brought together by the hazards of fate! And outside—somewhere—was a coarse brute of a trapper who had looked upon the faces of white women for the first time in months. For the bargain that he made and that one woman accepted—and what followed—read the next installment in Moving Picture Stories for sale at all news stands April 30th.)

HELPING HEARTS CLUB

(*Continued from page* 25)

Dear Miss Lee:

I have bought the HEARTS Magazine for over a year and I am very much interested in your Helping Hearts Club and should like to join it.

As I am very fond of writing, I promise I will be ever faithful as a pen pal to anybody who will write to me. I am sixteen years old, five feet five inches, blue eyes, blonde, and am considered good looking by my friends. I am fond of all outdoor sports, especially football and baseball. I love music and dancing. Since a Missouri Lad is fond of football and is looking for a blonde, I should like *especially* to hear from him, although I would be very glad to hear from anybody who would be interested in me and I promise to answer *all* letters. Don't forget to tell Missouri Lad I want to hear from him and would like his picture. I am,

Just Me of Lowell, Mass.

It's all right to be "Just Me", but how is the postman going to find you when Missouri Lad writes? Send full name as soon as you see this. Address it "Personal".

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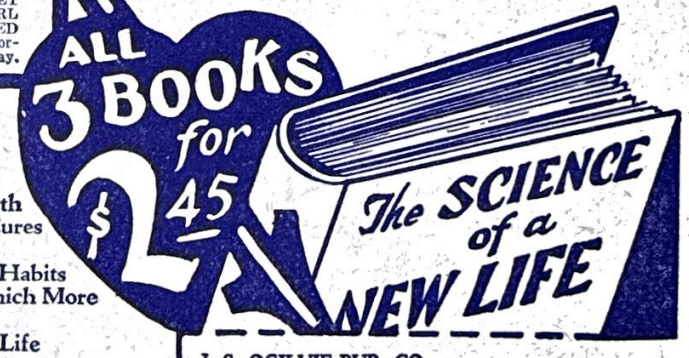

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